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I PRAY YOV Be not Angry: For I will make you MERRY.

A Pleaſant and merry Dialogue between two Travellers, as they met on the High-way.

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A Merry Dialogue between two Travellers upon the High-way, touching their Croſſes, and of the Virtue of *Patience*.

Fabiano and *Ferunnio*.

Ferunnio.

FAbian, Good morrow: How do you, and how far walk you this way?

Fabian. I do as you ſée, neither of the beſt, nor the worſt: and am travelling not very far, & yet ſomewhat more than a pretty walk; about ſome hundred miles or two for a breathing, to teach the dancing legs of my youth, to plod for the proviſion of mine old age: & ſince it is no better, it is well it is no worſe: for ſince I have done my ſelf more wrong, than I can make my ſelf amends, I muſt be contented with a pudding, while others may feaſt, that have better fare.

Fern. Then I pray you be not angry; for Patience is a plaiſter for all pain, it is the very poiſon of all ſorrow, a preparative to all comfort, and the onely quieter of a troubled ſpirit.

Fab. Why how now? Have you been a Scholler ſince I ſaw you? Truely I deſire not to trouble your memory, with ſaying over your leſſon without book: all you Adverbs and your Proverbs, will not do me a pins worth of pleaſure.

Fern. Oh Fabian! have patience, be not angry with your fortune, there are Flouds as well as Ebs: Time hath his turn, and Fortune may be as great a friend as ſhe hath been an enemy: the Stars may one day ſhine over your houſe, as wel as your neighbours: and there-fore ſtay your hour, you know not when it will come; and therefore take no thought: I pray you be not angry.

Fab. Wel Fernudio to your ſentences let me tel you, ẏ you know that I know, that you know, that when you and I did firſt know one another, you knew the world was better with me, than to let me plod up and down in this manner, with no more Company but my Dog, and my plain Cudgel: but it is no matter, all is one, for having plaid wily beguily with my ſelf, I can thank no body for my hard bargain: for in the time of my youth (the moſt perilous point of mans age) falling into ſuch acquaintance as were ſmally to my commodity, as well of the Maſculine as the Feminine gendr, who ſo long fed mine humour with folly, that I fell almoſt into a Conſumption, before I found the Nature of the diſeaſe: at length (though ſomewhat late, yet better late than never) remembring ẏ my father left me more land than wit, and Nature being more Miſtris than Reaſon over my il ruled ſences: & ſeeing the world at ſuch a paſſe that I could have wel wiſhed to have been out of it; finding my friends ſcorn of me, my foes ſcoff at me: ſome few pitty me, and few cõfort me. I reſolved to ſhake of my Shake-rags, and to retire my ſelf unto ſõe ſolitary place, where having left one fool to laugh at another; one Villain to cut anothers throat, and one honeſt man to be an example to a whole Pariſh: I betook me to a travelling life, rather to hear, than to ſpeak how the world went, and to note the courſes of the wiſe rather than enter into the courſes of the wicked whereof ẏ world is ſo ful, ẏ a man can ſcarce eſcape their infectiõ: why: if I ſhould tel you how I have been uſed amõg thẽ, you would ſay I had good cauſe to be Angry with my ſelf, or ſome body elſe.

Fer. And yet I ſay, I pray be not angry: for if it be with your ſelf, fretting wil but breed melancholy, and melãcholy bring you to ſuch a ſickneſs that you may repent it when it is too late. And to be Angry with any other, if you cãnot revẽge it it is a folly: if you do, it is uncharitable: for you muſt forgive. For if I ſhould tell you of ſome tricks that were put upon me, when I was as wiſe as any Gooſe upon Bedlame Green, I ſhould make you believe, that although I preach Patience to you, I ſhould have cauſe to have little acquaintance with her my ſelf: but ſpight of the Divel I hope to go to heaven, & though I carry more croſſes in my heart, thã in my purſe, yet

I hope (with my fellow begger) to be in Abrahams boſome, when a rich Churle ſhall dance with Dives in a worſe place: and therefore as a friend let me ſay to you, knowing what is good for you, whatſoever fortune befall you, I pray you be not Angry.

Fab. I muſt confeſſe it is good Councel to have Patience, for Patience is a pretty virtue, but yͭ it waits upon a number of Villanies; but let me tel you, if a man ſpend all the mony in his purſe upon a company of unthankful villains, and when he commeth to the bottom of his purſe, and there finding nothing, intreateth with his friends (as he hath held them) but for an Ordinary or two; and ſcoffingly put off, cannot get a penny among them: what can ye have in all the rule of Patience; onely fret at the heart, to hear men ſay I pray you be not Angry.

Fer. And yet let me tel you, that when Anger wil not avail him, it is better to be Patient, than Angry; for I have heard it ſpoken by a wiſe man, That he who cannot be Angry, is a Fool; but he that will be Angry, is more Fool: for when I was (as you ſaid, and I may ſay) in the prime of my time, I may ſay in the fooliſh pride of youth, when all the Gold in the Pariſh was copper to my ſilver: and my wit was beyond reaſon, when I was the onely fool of the World; Oh then (to tel you) I was overtaken in the half turn would make one run out of his wits and into them again, if it were poſſible: for ſay this, if a man hath no deformity in his proportion, is no Woodcock for his ordinary courſe of wit, hath wealth enough to live by his neighbours without borrowing, is of parentage with the beſt of the Pariſh, is in the way of good ſpeed wͭ a match worth yͤ making of: & leaving all honeſt wiſe, and good councel forſaketh his fortune and binds himſelf Prentice, during life, to an il favoured baggage, the worſt child that her father had, whoſe beauty is like the back of a ſea-coal chimny, and for proportion, the true proportion of a ſea-crab, as much wit as a gray gooſe, and manners as a blind Mare, & no more wealth than the wool on a ſhorn ſheep: beſides the iſſue of idle drunkenneſs, which being grounded in all fooliſhneſs, can away wͭ nothing, but worſe thē nothing: whoſe tōgue can keep no ſecrets; whoſe heart can think no goodneſs and whoſe life is a world of unquietneſſe: & ſpight of his heart having takē her for better or worſe, (when ſhe cannot wel be worſe and wil be no better) muſt hold out his life worſe than ten deaths with her: ſay your ſelf that whē a mā

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thinks of this miſery it would fret him to the very heart; but where is the remedy.

Fab. Oh! I pray you be not angry: for if a man ſhould have a Siſter whom he loveth dearly, whoſe beauty and vertue were a Dowry for a Prince, her Linage Noble, her perſon comely, her nature kind, her government ſo diſcreet, that by the judgment of the wiſe, ſhe was a match for the worthy: to ſee this bleſſed creature, by yͤ cruelty of the fates, beſtowed upon the baſtard ſon of a Beggar whoſe father was a villain, his mother a fool, and he a Changeling whoſe eyes were three foot out of his head, his noſe too long for his mouth, and his skin too wide for his face, his head like a high-way, with a little heath on either ſide, and his beard bending to the alehouſe, from thence came the Original of his little honor: and for his under propoſition & anſwering to the upper parts, whoſe wit was onely practiſed in villany, whoſe heart ſtudied but Hell, while his ſoul was ſworn ſervant to the Divel; and yet this raſcal Viper ſhal, onely with his golden claws, creep into the hands (for in the heart he could never) of a pretty wench, and carry her away in ſuch a world of diſcontentments, that ſhe would never leave ſorrowing, till ſhe got into her grave: would it not fret ſuch a brother, that had ſuch a Siſter: or chafe ſuch a Lover as had ſuch a love, to ſee ſuch an overthrow of his comfort, or confuſion of his hope.

Fern. Oh! I pray you be not Angry: for marriage and hanging ſome ſay go by deſtiny: and although hanging is but a ſhort pain, & marriage is a lingring miſery: where diſagreement is a deadly life; yet ſince we cannot go againſt the will of the higher powers, Patience is a plaiſter, that wil in time draw a mans heart out of his belly, except he have more wit to govern his paſſion, but leaving love toys, let me tell you, that if a man finding by ſome old writings in his mothers cheſt, that his father had title to a piece of land, which for want of a good purſe, he durſt never make challenge to; & ſay that I were the man, and by the witneſſe of my honeſt ancient neighbours, can approve it in good conſcience to be mine own in right of law; and thereupon asking counſel & paying for words by weight, and by my learned counſel perſwaded, that it is mine paſt all plea: and thus playing with my noſe, or rather with my purſe till all be ſpent: with Demurs and tricks, he drives me to beggery, with ſuing for mine own right, while he goes gay with my money, and I ſtarve with his words: a vengeance upon his crafty conveyance. Would not this fret a mans ſoul to think on it, and cannot help it.

Fab. Now God forbid: I pray you be not angry: for Law was ordained for the beſt; and though in al profeſſions ſome are to blame, yet no doubt but ſome have ſuch cõſciences, that they would not be corrupted for a kingdõs, but Courts muſt have their fees, & Schollers muſt not ſtudy for nothing. But for that I am no good Lawyer, nor ever met with any bribes, I have nothing to ſay to thẽ; but wiſh the wicked their reward, while the honeſt may take heed by their example: & ſo leaving thẽ all to the day of their death, I wil tel yͤ of another matter. Say that I had a friend at leaſt as I take him, and loving him ſo dearly, that I durſt, nay I do truſt him withall that I am worth & being to take a voyage either upon cõmand or cõmodity, fearing ſome il courſes to be takẽ for my children if I ſhould dy, knowing womẽ generally, ſo ſorrowful for a loſt husband, that they wil not tarry long for a new: & what fathers in law be to Orphans, while widdows ſigh & ſay nothing, having (in truſt to my friend) made a ſecret deed of gift of all my eſtate unto him, the rather that my wife & children may fare the better, & now I have eſcaped many dangers by ſea and land, & ſpoiled of all I had with me, come home, hoping to find comfort yet at mine own houſe, with that I left behind me: and there no ſooner ẽtred in at the gate, but wͭ a coy look, & a cold welcom, I find my wife, either turned out of doors, or ſo baſely uſed within, that ſhe could wel wiſh to be without: & then if I take it unkindly, be bidden mend it as I can: and ſo with a frown or a frump, almoſt thruſt out of doors, be conſtrained to go to law for mine own living, while my miſtaken friend having turned Turk, takes for nothing but his own cõmodity, contrary to all conſcience plays with me for mine own mony, til the Lawyer & he together have won me quite out of mine own land, and ſo play me the Traytor with my truſt; leave me in the miſery of my fortune to end my unhappy days. now can you ſay to this, I pray you be not angry.

Fer. Yes very wel; for ſince you ſee no remedy, but God is ſuch a God in this world, as makes the Divel work many wonders among men, is it not better with Patience to endure a croſſe, thẽ to crucifie the ſoul with impatience: but ſay that you ſhould have a wife that

you

You thought did love you well, when ſhe would ſtreak your beard, and never lie from your lips, and would ſpeak you as fair as Eve did Adam, when ſhe cozened him with an Apple, would not abide an Oath for a Buſhel of Gold, and be ſo ſparing of her purſe, that ſhe would not loſe the dropping of her noſe; bridle it in her countenance like a Mare that were knapping on a Cow-thiſtle; would wear no Ruffs but of the ſmall ſet, though of the fineſt Lawn that might be gotten, and edged with a Lace of the beſt faſhion; would not abide no embroidery in her aparel, yet have the beſt ſtuffe ſhe could lay her hands on; and feed ſparingly at dinner, when ſhe hath broke her faſt in the bed; and miſſed not a Sermon, though ſhe profited little by the Word: This diſſembling piece of fleſh, making a ſhew of lamentation, out of the abundance of her little love, for lack of your good company, if you were but a mile out of the Town; and if you were to take a journy, would lay an Onion to her eys, to draw out the Rhume inſtead of tears, and having eaten an Apple, with pinching in a backward wind, ſend out a belching ſigh for ſorrow of the abſence of her Good-man and then after all theſe, and a world of other tricks, to bring a man in bad belief of her good mind; if you returning home a night ſooner then expected, and a year ſooner than welcome ſhould (having keys to your own doors) come in, and find in your own bed betwixt the arms (I go no lower) of your too much beloved, the living carkaſs of a lubberly Raſcal, or perhaps the perfumed corps of ſome dainty cōpanion, working upon the ground of your pleaſure, to plant the fruit of idle fancy to the heart-grief of your poor heart, could you be pacified with, I pray you be not Angry.

Fab. Indeed you put me to it with an If: but I hope there are no ſuch women, fie for ſhame it were enough to make murther, but Patience being the mean to ſave many a mans life, and yͭ perhaps being her firſt, & ſhe upon repentance after a ſecret reprehenſion likely to turn honeſt, were it not better to ſteal away, and have her maid to wake her, the matter cleanly ſhuffled up, and ſhe with ſorrow rather to confeſs it in ſecret and to be ſorry for it, and in ſhame of her fault to leave it while few know it, rather thē in a fury or a frenzy bring in your neighbours, raiſe up your houſe, beat your wife, impriſon the knave, bring your wife to ſhame, and make the world privy to your cuckoldry: and ſo ſhe in a deſperate madneſſe, either ſhameleſſe after a little ſhame, or graceleſſe, in impatience to bear her correction, or either cut her own throat or yours, or both, & ſo all come to confuſion through lack of a little charitable diſcretion: Nay, God forbid, for rather then any ſuch miſchance ſhould befall us is it not better to ſay, I pray you be not angry.

Yet to quit your diſcontentment, ſay that I ſhould (as God forbid I ſhould) have married an honeſt woman, that hath brought me many pretty children, is a good houſewife in her houſe, carefull for her children, and loving both to them and me, and for the ſpace of many years, with a good opinion of all her neighbours, and good credit of all that know her, had paſſed ſome ſcore of years or two with me, with as much contentment as a reaſonable man might deſire: and to make her amends for all her kindneſſe, I ſhould either take a whore into my houſe, or keep her as a hackney at rack and manger abroad, ſo long till being led by the noſe, to believe that ſhe loves me, when I pay for the nurſing of half a dozen of baſtards: of which if I be the wicked father, my conſcience hath little comfort: if any other (as tis moſt likely) be the father or fathers, how am I beguiled to play pay noddy, to let my purſe blood to pay for the maintaining of anothers pleaſure. And at the laſt [illegible] my liberality, in a [illegible] humour come with an outcry to my door, with a neſt of her fellow beggers, and there with railing upon me, calling me old lecher whoremonger and I know not what, lay her brats down before my gate, and ſo with gaping mouth go her way, leaving me to my purſe onely to ſee the [illegible] of my credit, and to become a grief unto my wife, a ſorrow to my children, and a laughing ſtock to mine enemies, a byword among my neighbours, a ſhame to my ſelf, & an enemy to mine own ſoul; and thus ſeeing my wealth waſted, my credit loſt and impaired, and God ſo diſpleaſed, that I know not which way to turn my ſelf, ſhall I neither be angry with the whore for betraying me, nor with my ſelf to let her ſo befool me?

Fer. No, I ſay as I did, I pray you be not angry: for ſhe did but her kind, to uſe her eyes to the benefit of the reſt of her members; & you therefore being a man of judgement, ought rather to be ſorry for her wickedneſs, than to ſhew your own weakneſſe, in ſuch years to have a thought of wantonneſs: but ſure the fleſh is weak and the ſtrongeſt may fall: better is a ſorrowful repentance than a fretting madneſſe; and ſince fretting at your own folly will not get you a foot of earth more then your grave, be not at wars with your ſelf to no purpoſe;

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ceaſe from doing evil, make much of your honeſt wife, ſerve God in true repentance, and the Divel ſhall do you no hurt: For is it not better to bear your croſſe (eſpecially being of your own making) than to run into further miſchief, by the wicked humour of impatience? But to the purpoſe; ſay this (to quit you with an other propoſition) put the caſe that I being (as you ſee) a proper man, and in the way of good ſpeed with a handſome woman, and ſhe in ſtate able to do for an honeſt man that would love her, and make much of her, and I have an intent to deal honeſtly with her, and ſhe gives me her faith and troth, and ſwears by her very ſoul, that I have her heart ſo faſt no man ſhall have her hand from me; and I thinking becauſe ſhe is old ſhe is honeſt, and becauſe ſhe ſwears, that ſhe ſaith true, go about my buſineſſe as ſhe bids me for ſome few days, and then to return to the joyning up of the matter betwixt us; and in the mean time, after I have ſpent perhaps more then my half years wages upon her in wine and ſugar and good chear, and hope to come to be merry, come and find her married to a filthy conſenting knave, who by a little more money then I had in my purſe for the preſent, to bribe another raſcal like himſelf, who was the maker of the match, dwels in my hoped houſe, gives the bag for my mony, and hath my fat old ſow in ſuch a ſnare that there is no getting of her out again; when I am thus handled for my good will to this wicked old piece of whit-leather to put my truſt in an old hogs-ſty for my habitation, and to be thruſt out of doors for my labour, ſhall I not be angry?

Fab. Oh no in any caſe; for women have wits beyond mens reaſon, eſpecially when they are paſt a child or child-bearing, more than they that are paſt children. Oh I tel you, it is a perilous thing to ſlip occaſion in matters of love; and age is either froward or frail; and therefore you ſhould rather have fed her humor full ere you had left her, than to think ſhe would be more wiſer till you ſhould come again to her: and therefore I ſay as you ſay, I pray you be not angry.

For I will tel you, ſay that I, being a man every way to content an honeſt woman, and having unhappily beſtowed my ſelf upon a woman of the worſt kind, which before I married her, was neither widdow, maid, nor wife, but a plain whore; and this miſery of my days being by my folly brought to ſome better ſtate than ſhe were worthy; and ſeeing her ſelf in a glaſſe grown fat through good fare and eaſe, & ſetting her countenance even with the pride of her folly,

beginning

beginning to think better [illegible] the Pariſh [illegible] ſhould chance upon a little kinsman, grow in love with my Kinſman, or he with her, and ſo they grow ſo great that I ſhall ſtand like John hold my ſtaff, while they take their pleaſure: ſhe ſhould ſit at the upper end of the table, and I at the nether end; ſhe lie in one chamber and I in another, and yet muſt not find fault with it for fear of a ſtab, or a fig, or ſome other villany; but with a ſeeming countenance bear all, as if Pudding were the onely Meat of the world: while one makes horns at me, another moes at me, another cals me cuckold, another wittal, and I know all to be true and cannot or dare not do withal: do you think that fleſh and bloud can bear with this and not be angry?

Fer. Yes, very well, for as you have fleſh and bloud, ſo you have wit and reaſon: and when your wit and reaſon can conſider, how her trade brings more commodity and with leſſe travel, than your traffick, if you be not wilfull that you will hear no body ſpeak but your ſelf, or ſo ſcornfull that you can endure no companion in kindneſſe, or ſo covetous, that you will not ſpare a penny towards the nurſing of your neighbours child, or ſo proud that you ſcorn the gift of a friend; you will find that ſuch a wife is worth two Milch-cows: and whatſoever the world ſay, you are beholding to none but her: and where others beggar their Husbands, ſhe hath made you the Head man of the Parriſh: and then cannot you wink at a little fault that is ſo full of profit? Yes I warrant you; and therefore I may well ſay, I pray you be not angry.

Fab. True, it may be that ſome good Aſſe that knows not how to live without the baſeſt trade of beggary, will put on any Patience for Profit: but from ſuch a raſcal nature God deliver me. But to requite you with as good as you bring let me tell you: if I ſhould ſerve a man of great wealth, and he have a wenching humour, and he keeping more Maid-ſervants in his houſe than ever meant to be true Virgins, and one of theſe mad cattel, that for the price of a red petticoat would venture the lining of her placket, ſhould by a miſchance of her Maſters making, fall into a Two-heeles-Timpany, which could by no means be cured without my conſenting to a wicked marriage for a little mony; which I by the villany of the Trul which would put the trick upon me muſt ſeem willingly to yeeld unto, for fear of I know not what to fall out I know not why: and

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in company when, [illegible] deliberation of this miſchief, hoping that ſhe would meddle no more with any ſuch matters, begin to make a little more of her than ſhe was worthy: and ſhe thereupon grown ſo luſty, that ſhe cared not for the Pariſh ſo long as the Conſtable was her friend, gave entertainment to whom ſhe liſt, and uſe me as ſhe liſt, ſet more horns than hairs on my head and care not if I were hanged for my good will: This Raſcal roundabout, without good complexion or good condition, as ill-favoured as mannered, and as ſpoken as wicked, being thus void of grace, careleſſe of all credit and irremovable in her reſolution for the wicked courſe of her life; this (I ſay) helliſh piece of fleſh, to domineer over me, and with the countenance of her Maſter, to make a ſlave of her Good man, who ſhould be ſent on Errands while ſhe were with her Servants; I ſhould fetch wine for their drinking, turn the ſpit to their Roaſt meat, or walk their horſes while they were ſadling my Fillie: And yet all this, and I ſay not what elſe, I muſt bear, as though it were no burthen for a ſmall reckoning at the weeks end for waſhing of a foul ſhirt, reſetting of my Ruffs right, or waſhing of a Calves head, or making ſauce to a tame gooſe, or for good of my Maſter, that makes a noddie of his Servant: for ſuch and ſuch like matters to put up all matters and ſwallow griefs in my throat, that it is ready to choke me in the going down: is it poſſible to do all this, that you could be I can not be angry.

Her. Yes very well: for profit is ſo pleaſing, that it puts out a great many ill thoughts that would trouble a man that hath no wit: and for honeſty, it is a good thing, I muſt confeſſe: but if a man be not born rich, and keep himſelf ſo, he ſhall gain little by ſimplicity: and therefore (as I ſaid) where Patience brings Profit, I ſay ſtill, bear with your Fortune, and be not angry. But leaving to talk more of Female diſcontentments, let me ſay this: That I, being a man of ſufficiency to ſupply the Office of a good place, born of a Noble houſe, bred up in all courſes requiſite for a Gentleman, have travelled divers Countries, ſeen much of the World by Sea and Land, and through want of my Fathers diſcretion, not left ſo good a Portion as may maintain my Reputation, without ſome better matter then mine own Eſtate, and driven for my better

comfort

[illegible] upon thy [illegible] knowen of what hath made rich; and being onely wiſe in the world, hath no feeling of Gods grace, but by a thouſand ill practiſes, untill the meany before his death to low over a great deal of more ground than his Grave; and this Captain of the damned crew, who is hales to Hell with a world of chains, the Son of a Beggar, and Brother to a Villain, to govern over the honeſty of my heart, with the commandement of evil ſervice; or (finding me not for his humour) to frown upon me like an old Frying-pan, or to rate me like a Dog because I will not be a Devil, to be imployed in more vileneſs then half a Chriſtian could endure to hear of: now (I ſay) to ſpend my time in this miſery, onely for picking of a Sallad, waiting at a trencher, looking on a fair Houſe, making courteſie to an old Relique, hold the Baſon to the Rhume, or hearing the Muſick of a rotten Cough; and after many years Patience in this Purgatory, where all the wiſdome I have learned, were but to corrupt the nature of a good wit, either for a trifle to be frowned at, and by tricks to be brought out, or with a Livery without a Badge, to ſeek my fortune in ſome other ſoil, to have ſervd long for Nothing, or for Worſe than Nothing; when Diſcontentments muſt be cancelled, and I (for fear of a miſchief) muſt ſpeak all Honour of Diſhonour, and with a Merry-go-ſorry ſigh out my days that are no better bleſt: when I ſhall ſee a Fool graced, and better Wits put down, Honeſty ſcorned, and Knavery in more account then commendable; and I, cozening my ſelf with an imagination that ſervice was an heritage, where I found nothing but loſſe of time and repentance: have I not cauſe think you with all this to be angry?

Fab. And yet I ſay, I pray you be not angry: For if you had ſo much of the Grace of God, as to make you rather leave the hopes of Preferment than yield to an ill imployment, no doubt, but either your private life will find ſome ſecret contentment, or your Patience will find ſomewhere the advancement of your vertues: and therefore rather be joyfull of Gods bleſſing, than impatient with your Fortune, and think not amiſſe that I ſay, I pray you be not angry. But to requite you: Say that I having more money in my purſe then a wiſe man would part with, but upon the better reckoning ſhould be perſwaded to play the Uſurer, & ſo with a lit-

tle

[illegible] cunning, my [illegible] should be brought in hope of gain, to take in pawn for my mony ſome leaſe of a good farm, or piece of rich plate: which being not fetched by the day of payment, would return me more then double my mony: I put my mony out of my hands, which I have fared full hard to get together, and I glad of my forfeit, hoping to gain more then a good conſcience would away withall, find my leaſe not worth a point, by a former deed of gift, or ſuch a conveyance as carrieth all away from my fingers, and leave me (for all my cunning) in the law, to plead repentance to my folly: or my plate challenged for ſome piece of pilfery, & I brought in trouble for I know not what, and to get out I know not how, till I have brought my ſtock to a poor ſtate, where I may ſee the juſt reward of Uſury; when I look in my purſe and find nothing, would not this make one angry?

Fer. Not a whit: For Knaves will be Knaves, and Fools muſt be bitten ere they be wiſe; of which if you be none, no doubt but there are enough in the world. And ſince all the anger in the world will not recover a penny loſs, let me ſay to you as you ſay to me, I pray be not angry. And let me tell you that upon a time it was my hap to have a friend (as I thought) whom I loved dearly: and building upon the care of his conſcience, that for a world of wealth he would not play the Jew with me; it fell out, that I having more then a moneths mind to a wench above a year old, whoſe worthineſs might command a far better ſervant than my ſelf, and yet it had ſo fallen out betwixt us, that our Affections were ſo ſettled, that I thought (without death) there could be no remove: and therefore fearing no Fortune relying ſo much upon her Love, loving (as I ſaid) my imagined friend more then a wiſe man ſhould do (for there is a meaſure to be kept in all things) made him acquainted with my ſecreſſe, ſomething the intent to ſteal away my Miſtreſſe from the place where ſhe had no pleaſure to be kept in, as ſhe had been long like a chicken in a coop: and to the performing of this purpoſe, hoping to have uſe of his beſt help, deliver him a ring, or a jewel of ſome value to preſent unto my Love, when I know his means better then mine own, to have acceſſe unto her without ſuſpition; and he after a world of Proteſtations ſealed with too many Oaths, to deal ſo faithfully, carefully, and ſecretly for me, as my heart could deſire, when faith

there

there was none, nor care of me, nor ſecreſie, but in keeping all from me, when like a diſſembling Jew he uſeth my Jewel for a mean to rob me of my better Jewel; when he preſented it as for himſelf and revealing ſome matter of ſecreſie betwixt us, unpleaſing to her, and nothing to my profit, with inchanting charms wins her affection and borroweth my money to cut my throat, till having carried away my miſtris, he either laugh at me, or write me a letter to cologue with me: when I think how with truſting a knave, I have played the fool, in conſcience ſay, if ever man would fall out with himſelf have not I cauſe to be angry.

Fab. No, for as you ſaid to me, knaves will be knaves, and in matters of love, he that will not be the follower of his own cauſe, may happen to be overthrown in his own ſuite; and to look for conſtancy in woman, eſpecially of a woman in young years, when gifts and bribes are able to work great matters in thoſe courſes, it is a meer folly: for ſay that ſome are, I know not how many, as conſtant as Penelope, yet let Danae take heed of a golden ſhower in her lap: and therefore I pray you be not angry. For let me tell you, to be deceived by a friend it is an ordinary matter: to loſe a wench, it is a thouſand mens fortunes: and therefore ſince ſhe was ſo fickle to truſt, to think her better loſt then found, and for him, get your golden Jewels and your mony from him, and let him walk with his wicked houſhold ſtuffe, and let me tell you of a diſcontentment of mine. It was my hap (I may ſay my ill hap) to caſt my affection of late on a very proper young man of a pure complexion, neither effeminate nor courſe faced, neither of Lether-ſellers nor Painters company, but a good feature and well coloured: and for his countenance, neither Paul-ſteeple height, nor with the fall of the tide; but carried in ſo good a meaſure, as ſhewed his wits no more out of order then his members: for his voice, neither Treble nor Baſe, but a good mean: and his ſpeech neither Rhetorical, nor Logical, nor Tragical nor Colaſtical: but ſuch as neither too little nor too much anſwering directly to every queſtion: and ſpeaking neceſſarily upon good occaſion. wan him ſuch commendation for his diſcretion, as increaſing much my affection, made me (as I thought) upon good judgement, make him a ſubject of my contentment: in brief I ſingled him out of company, to make him my companion, took him into my houſe, beſtowed bountifully upon him, let him not want any

thing

thing that was needfull for him, my table to dine, a faire chamber for his lodging, yea and ſometimes made him my bed-fellow, furniſhed him with money, horſe, apparel, books, and credit for whatſoever he would demand, yea, and in mine abſence truſted him with the government of my whole houſe, till my favour bred in his folly that, (but at the firſt I ſaw not) ſuch a preſumption of his own worthineſs as I know not, where controlling even my ſelf for a trifle, himſelf to blame in the ſelf ſame nature, for a greater matter, thinking all too little that was done for him, and urging more then was meet for him: at laſt, not able to ſuppreſſe the venome of his pride, till his heart made his head ſwell as big as a cods-head, in recompence of all my kindneſſe, playes falſe with my ſervant maid, ſteals away my onely daughter, robs my coffers, cracks my credit, beggars my wife, & doth what he may to ſeek the ruine of my eſtate; is it poſſible that a man could think of ſuch a villain, and not be angry?

Fel. Yea very well, and I ſay unto you, I pray you be not angry, for ſtill knaves will be knaves, and a man had need eat a buſhel of ſalt with a man, before he go too far to truſt him; for he was a worldling and out of the ſimplicity of your honeſty, thinking him to be that he was not, might learn him to truſt his life, or any at all, at leaſt with your houſe your daughter (if you have any) or your ſervants, if you keep any: and having Patience with your lack of judgement, do for your daughter as you have cauſe in nature and reaſon, and pray in charity for his ſoul, what ever becomes of his carkaſſe: and once I hope you will take this for no ill councel I ſay as I did, I pray you be not angry.

FINIS.